

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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MR. SCARBOROUGH'S FAMILY.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER V. AUGUSTUS SCARBOROUGH.

HARRY ANNESLEY, when he found himself in London, could not for a moment shake off that feeling of nervous anxiety as to the fate of Mountjoy Scarborough which had seized hold of him. In every newspaper which he took in his hand he looked first for the paragraph respecting the fate of the missing man, which the paper was sure to contain in one of its columns. It was his habit during these few days to breakfast at a club, and he could not abstain from speaking to his neighbours about the wonderful Scarborough incident. Every man was at this time willing to speak on the subject, and Harry's interest might not have seemed to be peculiar; but it became known that he had been acquainted with the missing man, and Harry in conversation said much more than it would have been prudent for him to do on the understanding that he wished to remain unconnected with the story. Men asked him questions as though he were likely to know; and he would answer them asserting that he knew nothing; but still leaving an impression behind that he did know more than he chose to avow. Many enquiries were made daily at this time in Scotland Yard as to the captain. These, no doubt, chiefly came from the creditors and their allies. But Harry Annesley became known among those who asked for information as Henry Annesley, Esq., late of St. John's College, Cambridge; and even the police were taught to think that there was something noticeable in the interest which he displayed.

On the fourth day after his arrival in London, just at that time of the year when

everybody was supposed to be leaving town, and when faded members of Parliament, who allowed themselves to be retained for the purpose of final divisions, were cursing their fate amidst the heats of August, Harry accepted an invitation to dine with Augustus Scarborough at his chambers in the Temple. He understood when he accepted the invitation that no one else was to be there, and must have been aware that it was the intention of the heir of Tretton to talk to him respecting his brother. He had not seen Scarborough since he had been up in town, and had not been desirous of seeing him; but when the invitation came, he had told himself that it would be better that he should accept it, and that he would allow his host to say what he pleased to say on the subject, he himself remaining reticent. But poor Harry little knew the difficulty of reticency when the heart is full. He had intended to be very reticent when he came up to London, and had in fact done nothing but talk about the missing man, as to whom he had declared that he would altogether hold his tongue.

The reader must here be pleased to remember that Augustus Scarborough was perfectly well aware of what had befallen his brother, and must therefore have known among other things of the quarrel which had taken place in the streets. He knew, therefore, that Harry was concealing his knowledge, and could make a fair guess at the state of the poor fellow's mind.

"He will guess," he had said to himself, "that he did not leave him for dead on the ground, or the body would be there to tell the tale. But he must be ashamed of the part which he took in the street-fight, and be anxious to conceal it. No doubt Mountjoy was the first offender, but something has occurred which Annesley is unwilling

should make its way either to his uncle's ears, or to his father's, or to mine, or to the squire's—or to those of Florence."

It was thus that Augustus Scarborough reasoned with himself when he asked Harry Annesley to dine with him.

It was not supposed by any of his friends that Augustus Scarborough would continue to live in the moderate chambers which he now occupied in the Temple; but he had as yet made no sign of a desire to leave them. They were up two pair of stairs, and were not great in size; but they were comfortable enough, and even luxurious as a bachelor's abode.

"I've asked you to come alone," said Augustus, "because there is such a crowd of things to be talked of about poor Mountjoy which are not exactly fitted for the common ear."

"Yes, indeed," said Harry, who did not, however, quite understand why it would be necessary that the heir should discuss with him the affairs of his unfortunate brother. There had, no doubt, been a certain degree of intimacy between them, but nothing which made it essential that the captain's difficulties should be exposed to him. The matter which touched him most closely, was the love which both the men had borne to Florence Mountjoy; but Harry did not expect that any allusion to Florence would be made on the present occasion.

"Did you ever hear of such a mess?" said Augustus.

"No, indeed. It is not only that he has disappeared——"

"That is as nothing, when compared with all the other incidents of this romantic tale. Indeed it is the only natural thing in it. Given all the other circumstances, I should have foretold his disappearance as a thing certain to occur. Why shouldn't such a man disappear, if he can?"

"But how has he done it?" replied Harry. "Where has he gone to? At this moment where is he?"

"Ah, if you will answer all those questions, and give your information in Scotland Yard, the creditors, no doubt, will make up a handsome purse for you. Not that they will ever get a shilling from him, though he were to be seen walking down St. James's Street to-morrow. But they are a sanguine gentry, these holders of bills, and I really believe that if they could see him they would embrace him with the warmest affection. In the meantime let us have some dinner, and we will

talk about poor Mountjoy when we have got rid of young Pitcher. Young Pitcher is my laundress's son, to the use of whose services I have been promoted since I have been known to be the heir of Tretton."

Then they sat down and dined, and Augustus Scarborough made himself agreeable. The small dinner was excellent of its kind, and the wine was all that it ought to be. During dinner not a word was said as to Mountjoy, nor as to the affairs of the estate. Augustus, who was old for his age, and had already practised himself much in London life, knew well how to make himself agreeable. There was plenty to be said while young Pitcher was passing in and out of the room, so that there appeared no awkward intervals of silence while one course succeeded the other. The weather was very hot, the grouse were very tempting, everybody was very dull, and Members of Parliament more stupid than anybody else; but a good time was coming. Would Harry come down to Tretton and see the old governor? There was not much to offer him in the way of recreation, but, when September came, the partridges would abound. Harry gave a half promise that he would go to Tretton for a week, and Augustus Scarborough expressed himself as much gratified. Harry at the moment thought of no reason why he should not go to Tretton, and thus committed himself to the promise; but he afterwards felt that Tretton was of all places the last which he ought just at present to visit.

At last Pitcher and the cheese were gone, and young Scarborough produced his cigars. "I want to smoke directly I've done eating," he said. "Drinking goes with smoking as well as it does with eating, so there need be no stop for that. Now tell me, Annesley, what it is that you think about Mountjoy?"

There was an abruptness in the question which for the moment struck Harry dumb. How was he to say what he thought about Mountjoy Scarborough, even though he should have no feeling to prevent him from expressing the truth? He knew, or thought that he knew, Mountjoy Scarborough to be a thorough blackguard; one whom no sense of honesty kept from spending money, and who was now a party to robbing his creditors without the slightest compunction—for it was in Harry's mind that Mountjoy and his father were in league together to save the property by rescuing it from the hands of the Jews. He would

have thought the same as to the old squire—only that the old squire had not interfered with him in reference to Florence Mountjoy.

And then there was present to his mind the brutal attack which had been made on himself in the street. According to his views Mountjoy Scarborough was certainly a blackguard; but he did not feel inclined quite to say so to the brother, nor was he perfectly certain as to his host's honesty. It might be that the three Scarboroughs were all in a league together; and if so, he had done very wrong, as he then remembered, to say that he would go down to Tretton. When, therefore, he was asked the question he could only hold his tongue.

"I suppose you have some scruple in speaking, because he's my brother. You may drop that altogether."

"I think that his career has been what the novel readers would call romantic; but what I, who am not one of them, should describe as unfortunate."

"Well yes; taking it altogether it has been unfortunate. I am not a soft-hearted fellow, but I am driven to pity him. The worst of it is that had not my father been induced at last to tell the truth, from most dishonest causes, he would not have been a bit better off than he is. I doubt whether he could have raised another couple of thousand on the day when he went. If he had done so then, and again more and more, to any amount you choose to think of, it would have been the same with him."

"I suppose so."

"His lust for gambling was a bottomless quicksand which no possible amount of winning could ever have satiated. Let him enter his club with five thousand pounds at his banker's, and no misfortune could touch him. He being such as he is, or alas! for aught we know, such as he was—the escape which the property has had cannot but be regarded as very fortunate. I don't care to talk much of myself in particular, though no wrong can have been done to a man more infinite than that which my father contrived for me."

"I cannot understand your father," said Harry. In truth there was something in Scarborough's manner in speaking of his father which almost produced belief in Harry's mind. He began to doubt whether Augustus was in the conspiracy.

"No; I should say not. It is hard to understand that an English gentleman should

have the courage to conceive such a plot, and the wit to carry it out. If Mountjoy had run only decently straight, or not more than indecently crooked, I should have been a younger brother, practising law in the Temple to the end of my days. The story of Esau and of Jacob is as nothing to it. But that is not the most remarkable circumstance. My father, for purposes of his own which include the absolute throwing over of Mountjoy's creditors, changes his plan, and is pleased to restore to me that of which he had resolved to rob me. What father would dare to look in the face the son whom he had thus resolved to defraud? My father tells me the story with a gentle chuckle, showing almost as much indifference to Mountjoy's ruin, as to my recovered prosperity! He has not a blush when he reveals it all. He has not a word to say, or, as far as I can see, a thought as to the world's opinion. No doubt he is supposed to be dying. I do presume that three or four months will see the end of him. In the meantime he takes it all as quietly as though he had simply lent a five-pound note to Mountjoy out of my pocket."

"You, at any rate, will get your property?"

"Oh yes; and that, no doubt, is his argument when he sees me. He is delighted to have me down at Tretton, and to tell the truth, I do not feel the slightest animosity towards him. But, as I look at him, I think him to be the most remarkable old gentleman that the world has ever produced. He is quite unconscious that I have any ground of complaint against him."

"He has probably thought that the circumstances of your brother's birth should not militate against his prospects."

"But the law, my dear fellow," said Scarborough, getting up from his chair and standing with his cigar between his finger and thumb, "the law thinks otherwise. The making of all right and wrong in this world depends on the law. The half-crown in my pocket is merely mine because of the law. He did choose to marry my mother before I was born, but did not choose to go through that ceremony before my brother's time. That may be a trifle to you, or, to my moral feeling, may be a trifle; but because of that trifle all Tretton will be my property, and his attempt to rob me of it was just the same as though he should break into a bank and steal what he found there. He knows that just as

well as I do; but to suit his own purposes he did it."

There was something in the way in which the young man spoke both of his father and his mother which made Harry's flesh creep. He could not but think of his own father, and his own mother, and of his feelings in regard to them. But here this man was talking of the misdoings of the one parent and the other with the most perfect sang froid. "Of course I understand all that," said Harry.

"There is a manner of doing evil so easy and indifferent as absolutely to quell the general feeling respecting it. A man shall tell you that he has committed a murder in a tone so careless as to make you feel that a murder is nothing. I don't suppose my father can be punished for his attempt to rob me of twenty thousand a year, and therefore he talks to me about it as though it were a good joke. Not only that, but he expects me to receive it in the same way. Upon the whole he prevails. I find myself not in the least angry with him, and rather obliged to him than otherwise for allowing me to be his eldest son."

"What must Mountjoy's feelings be!" said Harry.

"Exactly. What must be Mountjoy's feelings? There is no need to consider my father's, but poor Mountjoy's! I don't suppose that he can be dead."

"I should think not."

"While a man is alive he can carry himself off, but when a fellow is dead, it requires at least one, or probably two, to carry him. Men do not wish to undertake such a work secretly unless they've been concerned in the murder; and then there will have been a noise which must have been heard, or blood which must have been seen, and the body will at last be forthcoming, or some sign of its destruction. I do not think he can be dead."

"I should hope not," said Harry rather tamely, and feeling that he was guilty of a falsehood by the manner in which he expressed his hope.

"When was it you saw him last?" Scarborough asked the question with an abruptness which was pre-determined, but which did not quite take Harry aback.

"About three months since—in London," said Harry, going back in his memory to the last meeting, which had occurred before the squire had declared his purpose.

"Ah, you haven't seen him then since he knew that he was nobody?" This he

asked in an indifferent tone, being anxious not to discover his purpose, but in doing so he gave Harry great credit for his readiness of mind.

"I have not seen him since he heard the news which must have astonished him more than anyone else."

"I wonder," said Augustus, "how Florence Mountjoy has borne it."

"Neither have I seen her. I have been at Cheltenham, but was not allowed to see her." This he said with an assertion to himself that though he had lied as to one particular he would not lie as to any other.

"I suppose she must have been much cut up by it all. I have half a mind to declare to myself that she shall still have an opportunity of becoming the mistress of Tretton. She was always afraid of Mountjoy; but I do not know that she ever loved him. She had become so used to the idea of marrying him that she would have given herself up in mere obedience. I too think that she might do as a wife, and I shall certainly make a better husband than Mountjoy would have done."

"Miss Mountjoy will certainly do as a wife for anyone who may be lucky enough to get her," said Harry with a certain tone of magnificence which at the moment he felt to be overstrained and ridiculous.

"Oh yes; one has got to get her as you call it, of course. You mean to say that you are supposed to be in the running. That is your own look-out. I can only allege on my own behalf, that it has always been considered to be an old family arrangement that Florence Mountjoy shall marry the heir to Tretton Park. I am in that position now, and I only throw it out as a hint that I may feel disposed to follow out the family arrangement. Of course if other things come in the way there will be an end of it. Come in." This last invitation was given in consequence of a knock at the door. The door was opened, and there entered a policeman in plain clothes named Progers, who seemed from his manner to be well acquainted with Augustus Scarborough.

The police for some time past had been very busy on the track of Mountjoy Scarborough, but had not hitherto succeeded in obtaining any information. Such activity as had been displayed cannot be procured without expense, and it had been understood in this case that old Mr. Scarborough had refused to furnish the means. Something he had supplied at first, but had

latterly declined even to subscribe to a fund. He was not at all desirous, he said, that his son should be brought back to the world, particularly as he had made it evident by his disappearance that he was anxious to keep out of the way. "Why should I pay the fellows? It's no business of mine," he had said to his son. And from that moment he had declined to do more than make up the first subscription which had been suggested to him. But the police had been kept very busy, and it was known that the funds had been supplied chiefly by Mr. Tyrwhit. He was a resolute and persistent man, and was determined to "run down" Mountjoy Scarborough, as he called it, if money would enable him to do so. It was he who had appealed to the squire for assistance in this object, and to him the squire had expressed his opinion that, as his son did not seem anxious to be brought back, he should not interfere in the matter.

"Well, Prodgers, what news have you to-day?" asked Augustus.

"There is a man a-wandering about down in Skye, just here and there, with nothing in particular to say for himself."

"What sort of a looking fellow is he?"

"Well, he's light, and don't come up to the captain's marks; but there's no knowing what disguises a fellow will put on. I don't think he's got the captain's legs, and a man can't change his legs."

"Captain Scarborough would not remain loitering about in Skye, where he would be known by half the autumn tourists who saw him."

"That's just what I was saying to Wilkinson," said Prodgers. "Wilkinson seems to think that a man may be anybody as long as nobody knows who he is. 'That ain't the captain,' said I."

"I'm afraid he's got out of England," said the captain's brother.

"There's no place where he can be run down like New York, or Paris, or Melbourne, and it's them they mostly go to. We've wired 'em all three, and a dozen other places of the kind. We catches 'em mostly if they go abroad; but when they remains at home they're uncommon troublesome. There was a man wandering about in County Donegal. We call Ireland at home, because we've so much to do with their police since the Land League came up; but this chap was only an artist who couldn't pay his bill. What do you think about it, Mr. Annesley?" said the policeman, turning short round upon Harry, and

addressing him a question. Why should the policeman even have known his name?

"Who? I? I don't think about it at all. I have no means of thinking about it."

"Because you have been so busy down there at the Yard. I thought that, as you was asking so many questions, you was, perhaps, interested in the matter."

"My friend Mr. Annesley," said Augustus, "was acquainted with Captain Scarborough, as he is with me."

"It did seem as though he was more than usually interested, all the same," said the policeman.

"I am more than usually interested," replied Harry; "but I do not know that I am going to give you my reason. As to his present existence, I know absolutely nothing."

"I dare say not. If you'd any information as was reliable, I dare say as it would be forthcoming. Well, Mr. Scarborough, you may be sure of this; if we can get upon his trail we'll do so, and I think we shall. There isn't a port that hasn't been watched from two days after his disappearance, and there isn't a port as won't be watched as soon as any English steamer touches 'em. We've got our eyes out, and we means to use 'em. Good-night, Mr. Scarborough; good-night, Mr. Annesley," and he bobbed his head to our friend Harry. "You say as there is a reason as is unknown. Perhaps it won't be unknown always. Good-night, gentlemen." Then Constable Prodgers left the room.

Harry had been disconcerted by the policeman's remarks, and showed that it was so as soon as he was alone with Augustus Scarborough. "I'm afraid you think the man intended to be impertinent," said Augustus.

"No doubt he did, but such men are allowed to be impertinent."

"He sees an enemy, of course, in everyone who pretends to know more than he knows himself—or, indeed, in everyone who does not. You said something about having a reason of your own, and he at once connected you with Mountjoy's disappearance. Such creatures are necessary, but from the little I've seen of them I do not think that they make the best companions in the world. I shall leave Mr. Prodgers to carry on his business to the man who employs him—namely, Mr. Tyrwhit—and I advise you to do the same."

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Soon after that Harry Annesley took his leave, but he could not divest himself of

an opinion that both the policeman and his host had thought that he had some knowledge respecting the missing man. Augustus Scarborough had said no word to that effect, but there had been a something in his manner which had excited suspicion in Harry's mind. And then Augustus had declared his purpose of offering his hand and fortune to Florence Mountjoy. He to be suitor to Florence—he, so soon after Mountjoy had been banished from the scene! And why should he have been told of it?—he, of whose love for the girl he could not but think that Augustus Scarborough had been aware. Then, much perturbed in his mind, he resolved, as he returned to his lodgings, that he would go down to Cheltenham on the following day.

POPULAR ASTRONOMY.

"If, instead of everywhere shining overhead, the stars were visible only from one single point of the globe, the human race would flock thither in crowds to contemplate and admire the marvels of the heavens."

With this most truthful quotation from Seneca, M. Camille Flammarion opens his latest work, *Les Etoiles et les Curiosités du Ciel*,* which modestly professes to be only a supplement to his *Astronomie Populaire*, but which has really outgrown its excellent parent and predecessor in interest and importance, and is in verity a wonderful encyclopædia and manual of popular astronomy. It needs only to appear in an English version to be welcomed in every public library in the kingdom which is available for the use of the great body of readers. ALL THE YEAR ROUND has already given samples of M. Flammarion's astronomical ability as well as of his literary style in *The Worlds in the Sky*,† and other articles, but none of his works equal *The Stars and the Curiosities of the Heavens* in completeness, practical utility, and, it may almost be said, in imaginative genius.

A glance at the starry firmament cannot fail to strike even uninstructed minds by the great singularity and beauty of the spectacle. But, for most of us, the feeling will stop there, unless we have some

guide to point out and explain, by easily understood indications, the wonders to be seen in the heavens, as well as when and how to see them. This is the task which M. Flammarion has undertaken, and which he has accomplished with most satisfactory skill. He addresses himself to serious and thoughtful persons who take interest in following the movements of the heavenly bodies, in recognising planets and stars by the naked eye, and in observing with instruments of moderate power the principal curiosities in the heavens, such as the double and the coloured stars, the nebulae, the crowded stellar masses, and the far distant suns and universes which give a boundless scope to the sphere of human observation. Amateurs, in short, are hereby provided with a methodical description of, and a practical guide to, unsuspected celestial rarities.

The stars in the sky are not more difficult to become acquainted with, than are the diverse and sundry objects collected in the British or the South Kensington Museums. A botanist, nay a gardener, or even an unprofessional lover of Nature, will be able to name at sight several hundreds, perhaps several thousands of trees, shrubs, flowers, and cryptogamous plants. The same may be said of ornithologists and birds; the same of zoologists and all manner of beasts; while the orders, genera, and species of insects, with the books detailing them, would fill a Noah's ark all to themselves. It is surely not a harder task to acquire a bowing acquaintance with the visible constellations and the stars composing them. Greater intimacy must depend upon time and means. But, to observe the curiosities to which M. Flammarion introduces us, no gigantic and costly instruments are indispensable. A love of science and a desire for information respecting the constitution of unknown worlds, enable the student to make good use, rapidly and agreeably, of instruments, modest in appearance, but precious from the revelations obtainable by their intelligent employment. Neither Galileo, Kepler, nor even Newton, possessed the appliances which modern observatories command; and yet they contrived to see enough to fill their souls with enthusiasm. It is the man, the observer, who gives its value and efficiency to the instrument. For clumsy hands and careless eyes, a grand telescope is only a burden and a hindrance.

One great merit of M. Flammarion's book

* Illustré de 400 Figures, Cartes Célestes, Planches et Chromolithographies. Paris, C. Marpon et E. Flammarion, Editeurs.

† ALL THE YEAR ROUND, New Series, Vol. 18, p. 400.

is, that it not only indicates the stellar curiosities to be seen in the heavens, but tells you how to find them, by means of direction-posts which he fixes on other well-known and conspicuous stars. Everybody knows how to find the Pole Star, which, not being of the first magnitude, would not be too easy to hit without the help of the Great Bear's "pointers." Capella, the Goat, for instance, which never sets for us, is a star of the first magnitude, shining in a relatively desert region of the sky, and is consequently less easy to fix upon than some others. The best way is to ask the assistance of everybody's old familiar friend, the Great Bear, who is never absent. An imaginary line drawn from two of his stars (as may be seen on any celestial atlas, or on M. Flammarion's diagram) will straightway take you to Capella. A like method is successfully applied to other stars. The whereabouts even of those unseen by the naked eye can thus be made out by the telescope.

Of all the stars whose distance it has been possible to calculate, Capella is the farthest removed from us. Its scarcely appreciable parallax represents a distance equal to four millions four hundred and eighty-four thousand times the earth's distance from the sun, or one hundred and seventy trillions of leagues—a space which light employs not less than seventy-one years and eight months to traverse, although it shoots forward with the marvellous velocity of seventy-five thousand leagues per second. Consequently, we behold Capella, not as it is now, but as it was nearly seventy-two years ago. Were it to burn out and be extinguished to-morrow, the great majority of persons now living would never be aware of the fact. After the despatch has once started, the death of the sender will not prevent its arrival. The luminous wave proceeds unchecked on its course all the same.

Stars vary in colour; but so does the appreciation of colour possessed by the eyes of different individuals. Three stars which always attract our evening gaze are Vega, Arcturus, and the aforesaid Capella. The last is less white than Vega and less yellow than Arcturus; and it is this difference of tint which makes Vega appear, to certain eyes, more brilliant than Capella, whilst others give Capella the superiority. Still, it is difficult to institute an exact comparison between the three, because they are considerably distant from each other, and because when one is sparkling

in the zenith the other is twinkling through the vapours of the horizon. Thus, during the months of May, June, and July, Arcturus and Vega are riding high in the firmament, whilst Capella is veiled in northern mists. In November, December, and January, on the contrary, Arcturus and Vega are beneath our horizon, while the Goat is soaring in the zenith. Not far from it are the Gemini, the Twins. These differences of situation present no slight difficulties to those who are beginning the study of the heavens; consequently, after completing his general description of the constellations, M. Flammarion gives a most useful account of the variations in their aspect for every month of the year.

Certain photometric measurements have placed Vega before Arcturus, but the latter may justly claim precedence on account of the warmth of its colouring. Vega is of an immaculate white; Arcturus shines like a flame of fire. The first is a diamond of limpid purity; the second is a Cape diamond with a yellow tinge. Arcturus's light has a warmer hue, and that not merely in appearance. This distant sun radiates with such ardour that the thermometer has been made to betray the action of its heat! Doubtless, the ray emitted by a star sixty-two trillions of leagues away, and obliged to traverse, for twenty-five long years, the frozen fields of open space, cannot, on reaching us, retain much sensible warmth. Nevertheless, the little which remains is sufficient to cause the needle of a galvanometer to deviate and to prove itself considerably superior to Vega's—which, however, is quite appreciable. On the other hand, when we photograph those two bright jewels of our firmament, Vega's silver light acts much more rapidly on the sensitive plate than Arcturus's golden radiance, which, though warmer, is less photographically efficient.

Nothing is easier to find than Arcturus. Look at the three stars which make the Great Bear's tail; mentally prolong to the left their line of curvature, till it reaches a star of the first magnitude, the object of your search. Once found it can never be missed afterwards. Its position is indicated by its name, which signifies in Greek the tail of the bear.

Arcturus is the first fixed star which had been observed in broad daylight, namely, by Morin, 1635. This Morin was the last of French astrologers. He was concealed in Anne of Austria's bed-chamber at the time of Louis the Fourteenth's birth, and very

gravely drew the new-born baby's horoscope. Arcturus can always be found with a telescope, when you know where it is, at any hour of the day. Strong eyes can detect it unassisted a quarter of an hour after sunset. It is the first star of an evening which peeps out from the sky; for Venus or Jupiter, if above the horizon, are not stars, in the true sense of the word, but planets.

In reference to the variety of stellar hues, γ , gamma, of the Dolphin, may be pointed out as a magnificent double star, a most elegant couple, of the fourth and sixth magnitudes respectively, one orange, the other green, but the lesser of the two varies in colour, from orange to yellow, to green, and to blue. Most frequently, it is emerald green. During fine evenings from July to October, you can show it with a telescope to ladies, whose eyes are accustomed to distinguish shades of colour, with the certainty that they will disagree as to the tints displayed by the two components of this double star.

The reddest star visible to the naked eye—there are telescopic stars absolutely blood-red—is μ , mu in Cepheus, called by William Herschell the Garnet Star, which name in fact well denotes its colour. Sometimes it is as red as a garnet illuminated by the electric light; sometimes it shines with a bright translucent orange tinge. To appreciate its remarkable hue, you have only to look first, with an opera-glass or small telescope, at a really white star, as α , alpha of Cepheus. Its brightness varies from the fourth to the sixth magnitude, in a period at first valued at five years, but since found to be irregular. If red stars are, as is believed, suns on the way to burn themselves out, the variation or flickering of their fires is perfectly comprehensible.

A double star of the fourth magnitude, ξ , xi, of the Great Bear, though less easy to resolve by instruments of moderate power, is interesting through its movements and its history. Its companion, of the fifth magnitude, revolves rapidly round it, completing its revolution in sixty years. This is the first system of the kind whose period has been calculated, by the French astronomer Savary, thereby proving that the law of gravitation, extending beyond our solar system, regulates the movements of other universes exactly as it regulates our own.

Few celestial curiosities are more attractive than the triple star, γ , gamma, of

Andromeda. A telescope of quite moderate power divides it into a splendid orange-tinted sun, attended by another charming sun, which shines like a translucent emerald. A more powerful instrument resolves this second star into two precious gems, an emerald and a sapphire. It is impossible to contemplate this triple combination of suns without being filled with admiration; and yet no spectacle is easier to enjoy, since Gamma of Andromeda is a star of the second magnitude, and the most careless eyes can, in a few minutes, recognise it in the firmament. This lovely group was discovered in January, 1777, by Christian Mayer, astronomer, at Mannheim, who had directed his telescope on the same star the year before, without discovering its doubleness, although he was in search of double stars. Other astronomers had also looked at it, without noticing that it had a companion. Negative observations do not go for much. Still, it becomes a curious question to know how the satellite suns made themselves visible just at that date, with apparently a subsequent increase of brightness.

The same constellation contains a variable star which can sometimes be discovered by the naked eye—namely, R, situated near the group θ , ρ , σ theta, rho, sigma. It varies in four hundred and five days from the sixth to the thirteenth magnitude. What an enormous sliding-scale of light! What physical and optical changes it must involve in the condition of the planets which are subject to those immense fluctuations in their daily illumination and temperature! Every year they have to pass through gradations of sunshine four thousand times more luminous and more scorching in summer than in winter. Such vicissitudes are incomprehensible to us who dwell in a calm and tranquil solar system, and who complain of a trifling excess of warmth in July, and of its equally trifling deficiency in January. Its last maximum brightness occurred on the 8th of July, 1881. We can therefore easily reckon when the next will happen.

Perhaps the most wonderful feature of the heavens is the Milky Way. Omitting pagan and mythological legends, it was not a bad idea, when a solid firmament was the prevailing theory, that the Milky Way marked the junction or seam where the two transparent hemispheres were soldered together. We now know that the Milky Way, with its strange irregularities, its

divided streams, and its isolated patches of light, seemingly torn off, like flocks of carded wool, is really formed by an innumerable multitude of stars crowded together, and as we also know that those stars, far from touching each other, are separated by intervals of several millions of leagues, the immensity revealed by this prodigious agglomeration of suns defies every effort of the mind to grasp it. The boldest poetical imagery of antiquity fades into nothing beside the overwhelming perspectives which have been opened up by modern science. In the constellation of the Swan, Cygnus, one of the densest in the Milky Way, in a telescopic field no bigger than the full moon, William Herschell counted eighteen hundred and two thousand stars.

A magnificent spectacle is beheld by pointing a telescope, fitted with its weakest eyeglass, at any white region of the Milky Way. Take care to focus the telescope accurately, in order to distinguish each separate star like the prick of the finest needle, and let it remain undisturbed in its place. When your eye has adapted itself to darkness, you will see the field of the telescope filled with diamond-dust sparkling with a thousand lights. And not only does the Milky Way stretch across the whole heavens, like a mighty arch; it continues its course beneath the earth, and returns, by the antipodes, to rejoin the portion visible above our horizon. So that, if the earth were suppressed or rendered transparent, this celestial girdle would appear entire in the completeness of its unbroken continuity. Consequently, if the Milky Way surrounds us in all directions, we are in it, and our sun is necessarily one of the stars of the Milky Way.

In certain calm hours of a clear moonless night, the Milky Way comes out from the depths of heaven as luminous as a phosphorescent summer sea. It is certain that the stars composing those bright agglomerations are not all of equal dimensions—of the size of our sun, for instance, or still more bulky—but that a great number of them are smaller suns than our own, and distributed in innumerable groups, in which hundreds, perhaps thousands of suns, instead of being separated by trillions of leagues, are only distant thousands or hundreds of millions of leagues from each other, or even less. What a region of unending and superabundant warmth and sunshine those interstellar spaces must be!

Nothing in the world assuredly seems less likely to lend itself to a joke than the stars. Nevertheless, they have condescended to do so. The two principal stars in the little constellation Delphinus, the Dolphin, α and β , alpha and beta, are designated in Piazzi's catalogue by the respective names of Sualocin and Rotanev, which an etymologist, instead of taking them for Arabic terms, would pronounce to be cacophonous barbarisms. Admiral Smyth tried long, and vainly, to make out their oriental origin. He little suspected that they owed their existence to a fit of high spirits that seized an astronomer—Piazzi himself, without the least doubt.

These names, read backwards, are Nicolaus Venator; and Piazzi's companion, in the Palermo Observatory, was no other than Niccolo Cacciadore, who died in 1841. Now, most people are aware that Cacciadore is Italian for Hunter, in Latin, Venator. Those two stars, therefore, simply bear the names of Nicholas Cacciadore, Latinised and spelt backwards.

The south celestial hemisphere is inferior in splendour to that under which we live. The South Pole can boast no Pole Star to the great regret of antarctic explorers. In its neighbourhood there are only little stars, with which Lacaille formed an insignificant constellation, the Octant, and the brightest of which is only of the four and a halfth magnitude. The nearest star to the South Pole visible by the naked eye is τ , tau, of that group; but after all it is not very close, and is only of the sixth magnitude, that is, at the extreme limit of visibility. The Centaur is noteworthy for possessing the star, α , alpha, which is the nearest to the earth. It is also double, forming an orbital system in rapid movement. Singularly enough, the next nearest fixed star, the sixty-first of the Swan, in the northern hemisphere, is also double. Measurements made in the southern hemisphere agree in assigning to alpha of the Centaur the highest figure of parallax ascertained up to the present day, namely, nearly one second; which corresponds to two hundred and twenty-two thousand times the earth's distance from the sun, or to eight trillions of leagues of two and a half miles each. Light employs three years and eight months to reach us from this neighbouring sun, which is more brilliant and probably more voluminous than our own.

The Southern Cross consists of four magnificent stars, accompanied by four others of inferior brightness. But there is

no star to mark the centre of the cross—a deficiency which detracts from its beauty. But it has one little star, κ , kappa, which is simply marvellous. Even in the clear sky of tropical regions, it is scarcely visible by the naked eye; but as soon as you point a telescope at it, you draw back, overcome by astonishment. Instead of one poor feeble star, you have one hundred and ten stars, sparkling with every hue, among which are two ruby-red, one sea-blue, two emerald-green, and three pale green. The white ones shine out all the more brightly by contrast. We find a casket of jewels suspended in the sky, filled with diamonds white and yellow, pearls, topazes, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds.

THE WHEEL WORLD.

THE author of the plurality of worlds was doubtless very right. There are worlds a good deal nearer home than those, which remain to be discovered and explored by enterprising observers. Not that the world which forms the subject of this article stands in any need of discovery. It has already discovered us pretty effectually. At every street corner it flashes across us; in the calm recesses of the country if we hear a tinkling bell, the odds are great against the curfew or the drowsy sheep-bell—no, it is the little grelot of the bicycle that is whirling swiftly down the shady lane. Even the ploughman, plodding homewards, hardly turns his head to look at the accustomed sight, and the chaw-bacons at the forge, or in the tap, let it pass unheeded.

And yet we who are of an older world, can hardly bring ourselves to look very kindly upon this newly-developed orb. We extend a certain respect to tricycles. A justice of the peace might use a tricycle, a portly duke, or even a duchess; but one never heard of anybody very distinguished on a bicycle, unless it might be Lord Sherbrooke, but that was in the ancient bone-shaking days when yet the wheel world was nebulous and unformed. And then the bicyclist ought to be gifted with perpetual youth and slimmness of figure, he may have calves, indeed—although the most of his world do without them—but they should not swell out beyond a certain limit. Now as yet the world of wheels has not had time to grow old.

And this last consideration was forcibly brought to mind the other day at the great

meet at Hampton Court. What a world of young fellows, and what a very even lot of young fellows. Indeed the “evening” influence of the bicycle is most remarkable, a thoroughly democratic machine, a levelling instrument. The young fellow of the present day need not sulk because he has no spicy tit or spanking team, nor need he set himself to work with all his energies braced up to achieve his carriage and pair, or perish in the attempt. For surely on his bicycle he need not envy the Lord Mayor in his gilt coach.

On one point the gathering at Hampton Court has pleasantly undeceived us. The general impression is that bicycling is rather a solitary amusement. We know that denizens of the wheel world have gatherings among themselves. The programme of the day records the assistance of nearly two hundred bicycle clubs, with more than ten thousand members; but that is just the association of so many men to carry out the same pursuit. The matter in doubt was the sympathy of the outside public. For is not—the query suggested itself—the bicyclist generally of a nature that does not inspire nor desire sympathy? Can a young woman now care very much for a fellow who is given to riding a bicycle? He can’t take her out for an airing on his machine, and if he dismounts and walks beside her—well, there is just the point at which he shows to the most disadvantage; he might as well trundle a hoop in front of his sweetheart. But all these misgivings are blown to the winds at the sight of Teddington Station. For train after train comes up loaded with passengers, and these mostly of the more amiable sex.

Just now the rich suburban country is at its best, trees in their fullest and freshest leafage, meadows in their most luxuriant green and gold, and everywhere shrubs in full flower, making little paradises of the most commonplace villas, while the air is laden with the fragrance of the shrubs and the fresh sweet scent of the May-blossom. A long procession it is that files across the glowing meadows towards Bushey Park, and at the swing gate where only one can get through at a time, quite a crowd accumulates, among whom the vendors of programmes and oranges do their best to make business. In the dusty highway a congress of cabmen lie in wait, offering drives to Hampton Court at sixpence a head. But once within the wide avenue of Bushey Park, our numbers

are scattered over the broad pathways under the shade of the horse-chestnuts, and everybody marches at ease.

A considerable overflow from the crowd finds its way to the palace, sauntering through the picture galleries, furtively scanning themselves in the looking-glasses, and marvelling at the big beds whose faded moth-eaten hangings seem to proclaim to Lely's painted beauties, We are still of the king's chamber, and not a mere common picture-gallery. But the shaven lawns and the long avenues are pleasant enough, and so are the quiet gardens, where ancient dames are wheeled about in bath-chairs, and farther on, where frisky youths and maidens disport themselves in the leafy maze.

By the palace gates the village is crowded as villages are rarely crowded, except at races or reviews. The present display has a flavour of both. Here dashes up a staff officer in his braided coat, who shouts an order and pushes on; another with something of the costume and air of a jockey, craning forward over his steed as he threads his way through the crowd. Bicyclists are arriving and dismounting, and officious attendants are zealously brushing up their uniforms, and grooming with oily rags their dusty if not foaming steeds.

And then the green opens out; the broad and pleasant country green, with its avenue of elms and border of old-fashioned houses; and here is the actual trysting-place of the world upon wheels. A great slice of the green is marked out into blocks or spaces, each distinguished by a number fixed upon a post, and these numbers correspond with the official numbers of the clubs as set forth in the printed programme. It is five o'clock, and already many hundreds of bicyclists are in their places, their machines stacked, while a few tricyclists, magnanimously included in the programme, hang on the flanks of the host. It is a host already, and the numbers are increasing moment by moment. At the head of the array is the Pickwick Club—clarum et venerabile nomen—a club of almost awful antiquity and standing in the wheel world, as it dates from 1870. Among the rest few date before 1877, and the greater part have sprung into existence within the last two years. Naturally the London clubs are in overwhelming force, but the provincials make a very fair show. Brighton is well represented by some of the smartest men and best machines on the ground. Northumberland has sent its

borderers, and the west has representatives from Bath, Bristol, Wells, and Weston-super-Mare. The Vale of Aylesbury suggests a trial of speed between bicycles and greyhounds, while Burton, Maidstone, and Farnham represent the thriving capitals of malt and hops. And then there is the universal Touring Club, that, like the rule of St. Benedict in mediæval days, seems to embrace all not otherwise attached.

Interspersed with the bicyclists are many friends and admirers of the opposite sex. Rosettes are pinned on by rosy fingers, and bouquets arranged by beauty on the breast of valour. Valour, at least, is to be presumed when decorations are so plentiful, but anyhow the semi-military uniform and bearing assumed by many of the clubs, combined with the bright flashes and sparkles from steel and silver, give a suggestion of warlike parade to this big array. In reality, perhaps, it would be difficult to utilise the services of a corps of bicyclists, for the roads about an army on the march are generally pretty deeply cut up, but they would be admirable in running away, and would easily distance the most active foe. Altogether perhaps it would be in better taste to discard military uniforms and emblems as unsuited to the character of the movement. But white gloves and nosegays are unexceptionable, and such is the happy array of the advance guard of Pickwicks who spring to their saddles as the trumpet sounds. They take the road through the village, and round by Teddington, and back by the grand avenue in Bushey Park.

But before we reach the Lion Gate of the park the head of the column has made its appearance while yet the green is scarcely half cleared of the reserve. Thus there is a line almost continuous for nearly four miles of men riding two abreast, a captain in front of each club, and generally one riding behind as rear-guard, all gliding swiftly and noiselessly along, some two thousand five hundred strong. But the best effect of the scene is in Bushey Park where the avenue sweeps round to the pool and fountain, known as Diana's Fountain, from the bronze figure of Diana crowning a tall marble pedestal that presides over the tranquil lakelet. And here the course is marked out by crowded ranks of spectators who line the avenue from end to end. Overhead, perched on the piers of the gateway, on the cross bars of lamp-posts, are the marshals of the day, each with a white and red flag, with which

signals are made all along the line. But to see the sinuous line of men, the more distant without visible support and as if floating in the air, while as they turn, the setting sun lights up their faces and sparkles on the twinkling spokes; the easy gliding motion, the almost total silence, broken only by the cheers of the bystanders as some favourite club shoots past, all this has a singular, indescribable effect.

And, mark you, it is a scene that is more pregnant with effects for the future than at first sight you might suppose. For the bicycle has come in the fulness of time, the final product of ages of slow progress, of a quarter of a century of giant strides in invention and mechanical manipulation. Human aspiration has long hungered for some way of circumventing gravitation. We have sighed for the wings of a dove, and destiny has presented us with the bicycle. Perhaps the result is a little disappointing—but there it is. Friction is reduced to a minimum, the weight and power of the human frame applied in the most advantageous way and with the simplest possible machinery for locomotion. The wings of a dove involve the expenditure of an enormous muscular power that the human frame could never supply. All that is really wanted now is to store the surplus power evolved by running down hill, to work the machine up the opposite slope, and this desideratum probably before long electricity will supply. As for us of the elder brigade we must be content to potter about on tricycles, with a prospect sooner or later of being able to whirl about at our ease, while electricity again does the work for us.

As for the morale of the bicycle, a good deal might be said to as little purpose as you please. But it is quite evident on the surface that it opens out to young men a variety of scene and surroundings, and a pleasant and rational resource for hours of leisure. Black care who sits behind the horseman is less likely to climb up at the back of the bicyclist. There isn't room for him, or still less for her, if care be of the feminine gender.

And thus the scene in Bushey Park assumes a quite portentous interest and importance. And then the setting of it—the tall trees, the sun declining to the horizon and throwing his beams right across the track and playing upon the wheels of the machines that throw out perpetual fountains of sparkles, while below is the quiet pool and the marble fountain

and the golden goddess presiding over the scene. With this the sight comes to an end, as far as we are concerned, and we make our way quietly back to the station before the homeward crush begins, just in time for a train for town.

THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

DEATH sent his messengers before,
"Our master comes apace," they cried,
"Ere night he will be at thy door,
To claim thy darling from thy side."
I drove them forth with curses fell;
I drove them forth with jeer and scoff;
Not all the powers of heaven or hell
Combined, should bear my darling off.

I armed me madly for the fight;
My gates I bolted, barred, and locked;
At sunset came a sable knight,
Dismounted at my doors, and knocked.
I answered not, he knocked again;
I braved him sole, I braved his band;
He knocked once more; in vain, in vain;
My barriers crumbled 'neath his hand.

I rushed into the breach; I stood,
Dazed with the flood of ebbing light;
"A victory over senseless wood,
Adds scanty glory to thy might!
A stronger champion guards these walls—
A human love, a living heart;
And while each earthly bulwark falls,
It stays thee, awful as thou art!"

My sabre shivered on his mail,
My lance dropped headless at his feet;
I saw my darling's cheek grow pale,
I saw her turn my foe to meet.
He passed—my lips alone could move,
Mad words of passion forth I hurled:
"They lied who said that God was love,
Who lets a tyrant rule the world."

He gathered her to his embrace,
While yet I raved in my despair;
He raised his vizor from his face,
I looked, and saw an angel there.
Such conquering love, such mercy rare,
Such heavenly pity in his eyes,
As surely Love Divine might wear,
When he assumed our mortal guise.

He bent above her dear dumb lips—
Mine own, whom I had loved too well—
And struggling from life's last eclipse,
They smiled in peace ineffable.
Awestruck I watched, he raised his head,
And then, in tones like summer's breath,
"Am I a thing so vile," he said,
"I, whom ye men call shuddering Death?"

And sword and targe aside I flung,
Forgotten wrath, and loss, and pride;
To his departing feet I clung,
"And me too, take me too," I cried;
"Without her, all is blank and black,
With her, and thee so fair—me too."
The solemn voice came ringing back,
"Not yet, for thee is work to do."

The sunset sank from rose to grey,
His accents died away with it,
And from my soul, as from the day,
The glow and glory seem to flit;
And 'mid my stronghold's shattered strength,
I knelt alone, yet not alone,
Death's angel left me hope at length
Through tasks fulfilled to reach mine own.

OUR GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRAND-MOTHERS' GRAMMAR.

Is it well known that Ben Jonson wrote an English Grammar?

He tells thee true, my little Neophyte, my little grammaticaster, is a line in the Rare one's own Poetaster (Act i, Scene 2); and when he himself becomes a grammaticaster, it is only telling true to say that the thirty or forty slender and fallow folio pages he devotes to his subject give rarely delicious reading. Look at his title-page: "The English Grammar, Made by Ben Jonson;" made, further, "For the benefit of all strangers, out of his observation of the English Language now spoken and in use;" the year, 1640. It was made, let it be noted. And so it was. English grammar had no existence (or very small existence) before Ben Jonson took it in his hands and fondled it. Grammars were Greek or Latin. Even this "rare" English grammar had duplicate Latin sheets to face the English sheets, a great part through it, and thus give them, as it were, proper academic and classic flavour. Grammar-schools also were Latin grammar-schools. When they were planted, to benefit English boys, here and there, all over the country, by the boy-king, some twenty years before Ben Jonson was born, English grammar had never been put down by pen on to paper. Scholars requiring to be taught the principles of language had to learn the Greek principles of language, the Latin principles of language; had to learn these in the Latin tongue, too. One John Bird, "schoolmaster in the City of Gloucester," "penning and publishing" in the year 1639, had been the first to let even a "Latine Grammar speak in English" to English pupils, and had been the first to think such treatment "the more easie and ready to be understood and learned by every one that can reade without the helpe of his master." So Ben Jonson's word "made" may stand.

And next, let the date of his slim book get, in its turn, a moment's noting. It is a date that he never lived to see. Says Anthony à Wood of him, in those priceless columns of the *Athenæ Oxonienses*, he "marched off from the stage of this vain World on the sixteen of August in sixteen hundred thirty and seven." It was the year 1637 when "O Rare Ben Jonson" was "engraven on a common pavement-

stone layen over his grave at 18 pence charge, given by Jack Young, of Great Milton, in Oxfordshire;" and that shows that the poet was dead even in 1639, when John Bird "spoke" "Latine Grammar" in English. Those are the facts—undeniably. But death brings no silence to such a tongue as Ben Jonson's. He had "made" his English grammar; his MS. was left, therefore, though his cheery smile and his airy touch had gone from the world, so his Grammar never lost its life, and it lives (in a literary sense) still. Here are a few savoury slices from it:

"The profit of Grammar is great to Strangers who are to live in communion and commerce with us. . . . We free our Language from the opinion of Rudenesse and Barbarisme wherewith it is mistaken to be diseased. . . . We shew the Copie of it and Matchableness with other tongues. . . . We ripen the wits of our owne Children and Youth sooner by it, and advance their knowledge."

Then, in treating methodically of "these twentie-and-foure Letters we use" (no "j," no "u"), there is this (with gaps between, but the selection truthful): "'S' is a most easie and gentle Letter, and softly kisseth against the teeth in the prolation. It is called the Serpent's Letter. 'L' is a Letter . . . which the Italians (especially the Florentines) abhorre. It melteth in the sounding. 'R' is the Dog's Letter, and burreth in the sound. 'Gh' is only a piece of ill writing with us; in 'trough,' 'cough,' 'might,' 'night,'" and such—"the writer was at leisure to add a superfluous letter," and he did! "'H.' . . . I dare not say she is (as I have heard one call her) the Queene mother of consonants, yet she is the life and quickening of them. 'Q' is a letter we might very well spare, for the English Saxons knew not the halting 'q' with her waiting-woman 'u' after her;" only at last custom "intreated her into our language in 'quality,' 'quarrel,' 'quintessence,'" and such, and "custome hath now given her the best of k's possessions." Again: "'L' is seldome doubled, but like as in 'hell,' 'bell,' 'kill,'" and even in these, it is rather the haste and superfluitie of the pen that cannot stop itself upon the single 'l,' than any necessitie we have to use it. 'C' is a letter which our Forefathers might very well have spar'd in our tongue. 'G' is sounded with an impression made on the mid'st of the palate. 'Y' is meere Vowellish in our tongue, and hath only the power of an 'i.'

'O' is a letter of much change and uncertainty with us; it is pronounced with a round mouth, the tongue drawne back to the root. 'F' is a letter of two forces with us, and, in them both, sounded with the nether lip rounded, and a kind of blowing out." To follow, there is: "In Grammer, not so much the Invention, as the Disposition, is to be commended. . . . Many diminutives there are which rather be abusions of speech than any proper English words. And such are names spoken in a kind of flatterie, especially among familiar friends and lovers, as 'Dick,' 'Will,' 'Madge,' 'Mab.' . . . 'The,' 'then,' 'there,' 'that,' 'with,' and 'which,' are often compendiously and shortly written, as y^e, y^{en}, y^{ere}, y^t, wth, and w^{ch}; which who so list may use; but Orthographie commands it not; and a man may forbear it without danger of falling into Premanire." Again here is: "Prosodie and Orthography are not parts of Grammer, but diffus'd, like the blood and spirits through the whole. . . . I shall sufficiently have done my part, if, in towling the Bell, I may draw others to a deeper consideration of the matter. . . . We have here set downe that that in our judgment agreeth best with reason and good order; if it seeme to any to be too rough hewed, let him plane it out more smoothly, and I shall not only not envy it, but, in the behalfe of my countrey, most heartily thanke him for so great a benefit. . . . Of the Distinctions of Sentences,"—punctuation, Ben Jonson was meaning—"whereas, I say, our breath is by nature so short that we cannot continue, without a stay, to speake long together, it was thought necessarie, as well for the speaker's ease as for the plainer deliverance of the things spoken, to invent this meanes, whereby men pausing a pretty while, the whole speech might never the worse be understood." To support this, and to give it apt illustration, Chaucer is quoted; Gower, Foxe, Jewell, Lambert, Cheke, Lidgate, and Roger Ascham are quoted—Shakespeare not being brought within the magic ring, proof sufficient that he was not then certain to be on every library-shelf. Sir Thomas More is quoted; the sentence, "For men use to write an evill turne in marble stone, but a good turne they write in dust," being chosen from him to show the "an" and the "a," and to point to the places where each has its proper use.

Then rare Ben speaks of the "Composition of Pronounes." They that are more common,

he says, are "this-same," "that-same," "yonne-same," "yonder-same," "self-same," "this-here," and "that-there." He speaks, in Verbs, of the "persons Plurall." These, he says, "till about the reigne of King Henry the Eighth, were wont to be formed by adding 'en,' thus—'loven,' 'sayen,' 'complainen.' But now (whatsoever is the cause) it hath quite growne out of use." He speaks of the triphthong. It is "of a complexion rather to be feared than lov'd, and would fright the young Grammarian to see him." He speaks of the letter "w." "Though it have the seat of a Consonant with us, the power is always vowelish." He speaks a little more of "r." "The tongue strikes the inner palate to sound it, with a trembling about the teeth." He speaks of the diphthong "ew" in the verbs "chewse," "shewte," to pronounce which "is Scottish-like." He speaks, for the last taste of him that can be afforded, of the need to discard the thought of trouble, if great things are to be performed. "I will give, in the heele of the booke," he says, "some spurre and incitement to that which I so reasonably seeke;" adding: "As for the difficultie, that shall never withdraw, or put me off, from the attempt; for, neither is any excellent thing done with ease, nor the compassing of this any whit to be despaired;" all of which, even to every syllable of it, is said so rarely, it makes it almost more than a pity that it is time the thin folio should be put away.

And this is grammar, is it? Yes, the grammar of that period, and as grammar had then grown. Before it, there was the literature of rhetoric; there was instruction as to elocution, as to ornament, as to figure; there was an attempt to systematise, and to canon, and law, and sort out, and in some way christen and tabulate, the sweet singing of the Elizabethan dramatists and sonnetists, naming and defining such modes and manners of word-accumulation as resulted in all the species of their delightful style and imagery; but Rules, "The Verb To Be has the same case after it as it has before it;" Rules, "Two negatives create an affirmative;" Rules, "Prepositions govern the Objective Case," there were none. Arrangements of speech were free; untrammelled and errant. Arrangements of speech were free; printing, in that first youth of it, not yet having diffused book-English all over the land, creating its own code (which is grammar) as the diffusion went on. Let us for a moment turn to the definition of ornamentation,

embellishment; these being arts that were exuberant, luxuriant, as youth lets growth be; these having wanted pruning, cutting back, uprooting even, to build up grammar's structure, and let it stand as it now stands—some way on the road to completing. Here is *The Garden of Eloquence*; Conteyning the Figures of Grammer and Rhetoric, Set foorth in English by Henry Pecham, Minister. It is in black letter; it is a spare square volume, that might be a copy-book only, for size and surface; that is as clean, as whole, as sightly and unthumbed, now, as it was the first moment that Queen Elizabeth's liege subjects could have bought it of F. Jackson, Fleetestrete, beneath the Conduite, at the signe of Saint John Euangelist, Anno 1577. It deals with scores and scores of "Figures," three or four on each page; such Figures as Antonomasia, Antanaclasis, Paragoge, Apocope, Zeugma, Antiptosis, Oxymoron. It deals with the Figure of Sarcasmus; "a bitter kinde of mocke, or dispytefull frumpe, used of an enemy." It deals with the Figure of Casemphaton; "many syllables of one sound, together in one sentence, like a continuall jarring upon one string, thus, Neither honour nor nobility could move a naughty niggardly noddy." It deals with the Figure of a Trope, with The fyrst foundation of Tropes. "Necessity was the cause that Tropes were first invented, for when there wanted words to express y^e nature of divers thinges, wise men remembering that many thinges were very like one to another, thought it good to borrow in the name of one thing, to expresse another that did in something much resemble it." It deals with the Figure of Bomphiologia, "when trifling matters be set out with semblaunt and blasing wordes, used of none but of such as be eyther small feastes and Parasites, which mayntayne their good cheere with counterfeited praises, or of great bosten and craking souldiers. Sometimes beggars use this figure when the Constable is passing of them to the stockes; thus I have harde them say, 'I beseech your worship, forgive me. If ever your honor take me here again, then let me be punisht according to your honor's discretion.' A chayne of Golde for an Ape, and a silver saddle for a Sowe, may be called Bomphiologia." It deals with the Figures of Diaporesis, of Hypotyposis, of Anthypophora, of Diasymus. It deals with the Figure of Hypallage; "when a sentence is sayde with a contrary order of

wordes, as, 'He came with a long side by his sword.'" It deals with the Figure of Tapinosis; "when the maiestie of a hygh matter is brought downe and much defaced by the basenesse of a worde; as, to call the Ocean Sea a Streame, a Ladye's Coutch a Carte, a Musitian a Fiddeler, an Oration a tale, a foughten field a fraye, Eloquence bablyng, and as if you should say to a King, 'If it may please your mastership.' Evermore, when a low word is applied to signifye a high matter, the same is Tapinosis." It would be pleasurable to look through this eloquent writer's errata, called, in a charming manner, "Faultes Escaped, with the name of the Fygyres in which they be contained; And other errors which remayne behinde, we pray thee, gentle Reader, to marke and amende;" but we have only space to note that the book was dedicated to John Elmer, or Aylmer, Bishop of London, the renowned tutor of Lady Jane Grey—praised by Roger Ascham, in *The Schoolmaster*, for having taught the ill-fated girl "so gently, so pleasantly, and with such faire allurements to learning, that she thought all the time nothing whilst she was with him;" the same John Aylmer, who "used for recreation," in Martin Marprelate's words, "to bowl in a garden, crying Rub, rub, rub, to his bowl, and when 'twas gone too far, cry The Devil go with it;" the same John Aylmer, commended by Queen Elizabeth because he would preach before her gallantly, saying, "the Astronomer tells us of a watry Trigon, but as long as Virgo is in that ascendent with us we need not fear of anything: Deus nobiscum, quis contra nos!" And now, this much of identification and attention having been given to Henry Pecham, and to his courtly volume, it may not be opened any more.

For here is John Bird, that schoolemaster in the Citty of Gloucester, whose *Grounds of Grammer*—i.e., Latine Grammer, "speaks" in English, and who penned and published in 1639. His speech presents itself in the form of a very, very small book; it has still a rich red velvet cover; and "I have four principall Exceptions," it says, "against many that have been great Agents in this businesse" of grammar-making. There is no need to set down all four exceptions; but one is that "the Agents" "omitt the Elementary Rudiment altogether, containing briefe precepts about a letter, a syllable, a word, and the affections thereof; as though they would have boyes runne, before they can creepe, or

goe." Another is, "In the Accidentery Rudiment, they premit the very marrowe and pith thereof." Then, "Grammer," says John Bird, "is an art of speaking well; Grammar respects words more than things . . . There be eight parts of speech, neither mornor lesse. . . The Second Part of Grammer is Regiment, which is two fold, Plaine and Figurative. . . Plaine Regiment is a putting and joyning together of the Parts of Speech amongst themselves, according to the true reason of Grammar: Which likewise is two fold. The Regiment of Conveniency and Consequency." And then, to go back to John Bird's Preface, he says, to end it: "These few lines I thought necessary to acquaint thee with. Farwell."

One John Leech is ready to step into the place. He wrote, in 1650, ten years after Ben Jonson was "imprinted," and his title is *A Booke of Grammar Questions, for the helpe of young Scholars, to further them in the understanding of the Accidence and Lilies* Verses: Set foorth for the ease of Schoolmasters and young Scholars.* Says John Leech, "I know by long experience with what difficulty in long time of teaching the most children are brought to understand the Regiments of Grammar . . . most, onely learn to read and say the booke by heart. . . many spend much time unprofitably, without benefit to themselves or credit to their teachers." And John Leech, being very sure of this, would have liked to have added considerably to the bulk of his Booke of Questions; only, "perceiving the printers doubted the cold sale of it, if it were so much enlarged," perceiving, too, that the printers left out "many of those things" that he had put in, he was "content to let it passe in this manner." Yet, his Questions, even thus checked and curbed to avoid the printers' terror of cold sale, are delightful. "How know ye a Verbe Deponent?" he asks, in black letter. "What call ye moode? How will ye seek out the cases in these sentences? Which is the next word? What must ye do then? Which be they? How then? How so? Why so? Go to the next word. Go forward."

* Lilye died of one of the early visitations of the plague in 1522; thus nearly a century and a half had elapsed since his *As in Presenti* and other dicta had gained popularity, yet they still held firm ground—and held it for a century and a half more. The authorship of his Grammar, it will be recollected, was claimed, by some, for Dean Colet, the dignitary who had made him master of his just finished school at St. Paul's. The Preface is undoubtedly from the pen of Cardinal Wolsey.

To give the answers, as well as his questions, they are thus: "What call ye words?" always in black letter. "Every word is a part of speech. How many parts of speech be there? Our Accidence nameth eyght. Be there but eyght wordes in the world to be spoken then? Yes, there be many thousands of wordes;" the full meaning of parts of speech being then extorted from the young "schollers," out of the Latin knowledge they had already acquired. One "part" is, "What word call ye an Interjection?" the answer being, "An unperfect word; signifieth nothing of it selfe, but uttered in some passion, or affection of a man's minde, as in mirth, sorrow, feare, anger, and such like." Here are two examples, also quite noteworthy. "What call ye a casuall word? A word that is declined with cases." And "Which is the most worthy person? The first person is more worthy than the second, and the second more worthy than the third." Then comes some Latin conversations, with English counterparts, which end the Booke—not having been left out by those timorous printers—but which, being too full of tutorial and pedagoguish dictation, may be passed by.

I hate a wife to whom I go to school,
Who climbs the grammar-tree, distinctly knows
Where noun and verb and participle grows,

says Juvenal, in Dryden's translation of him; such hateful grammar-tree science being still Latin, of course, that which our Accidence nameth.

Grammere for gurlcs, ich first wryte,
says Piers Plowman.

I lerne song, I can but smal grammere,
says Chaucer's Prioress.

She is in her
Moods and her tenses! I'll grammar with you,
And make a trial how I can decline you!

say Beaumont and Fletcher. Says Shakespeare, too, through Jack Cade (when Cade is railing at Lord Saye, calling him, "thou say, thou serge, thou buckram"): "Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school . . . thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun, and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear . . . He talks Latin! Away with him!" And then Locke comes in, with all the solemnity of his human understanding: "Grammar has its place too. But this I think I may say, there is more stir a great deal made with it than there needs, and those are tormented about it to whom

it does not at all belong—I mean children, at the age wherein they are usually perplexed with it at grammar-schools.” The whole of which goes to prove that folks found grammar in those old days a great encumbrance; a set of mental swaddling-clothes in which language was bid to suffer all manner of restraint and crippling; a pedantic tyranny presenting such mountain ranges of “hard” lesson-learning and drudgery—such mountain ranges, moreover, of fancied differences, of involved distinctions, of (seeming) purposelessness, and burdensomeness, and complex inutility, that they longed to cast the whole away, and to talk and write as crude thoughts came to them, unbound and free.

And is it much wonder? Those grammars at which we have already had a few glances reveal an infinity of cloud and verbiage certainly; they do not betray much very concise and comprehensible matter for young scholars to take into their brain and hold there; and when one more book is opened to quote from, there is not found any improvement, either in tint or feature. The little volume is entitled, *An Essay towards a Practical English Grammar, describing the Genius and Nature of the English Tongue: giving likewise a Rational and Plain Account of Grammar in General, etc.* It is by one James Greenwood, publishing as late as the reign of Queen Anne (1711), and though the author is very acute, and has foreseen the solving of some of the philological problems being solved to-day (for instance, page sixty-two: “Articles are really Nouns Adjective, therefore I have not made the Article, as some have done, a distinct Part of Speech”), yet his intricacies, his subtleties, his diversities of divisions—described as “Rational and Practical” on the title-page, too—might well have made students stagger, and have turned them pallid with despair. He says: “I shall divide the Conjunctions into Conjunctions Conditional, Concessive, Declarative, Interrogative, Comparative, Augmentative, Diminutive, Causal or Causative, Illative or Conclusive; into Conjunctions Copulative; into Disjunctive, or of Division; into Adversative, or of Opposition, and of Exception; into Suspensive, or of Doubting; into Conjunctions of Time, and of Order; and into Conjunctions of Transition.” This would seem to be refinement enough; yet in the attempt at explanation and instruction there are Conjunctions Dubitative added to Conjunctions Suspensive, Conjunctions

of Restriction added to Conjunctions of Exception; and then Mr. Greenwood omits any further allusions to two-thirds of his refinements, and ends his short conjunction-chapter thus: “The Conjunctions not yet mention’d are ‘for,’ ‘because,’ ‘that,’ ‘therefore,’ ‘whereas,’ ‘since,’ ‘likewise,’ ‘thereupon,’ etc. If any shall reckon some of these words as Adverbs, and some of the Adverbs as Conjunctions, they being often used in both senses, there will be no great harm done.” How easy, therefore, to think there would be no great (or little) harm done if conjunctions, adverbs, prepositions, and the rest, had no naming, or “reckoning,” given to them at all, but were used in any sense the user chose! Here is the good grammarian again: “Interjections may be stiled Solitary and Passive, Social and Active. . . . such as denote Admiration, as ‘heigh!’ Considering, as ‘hem,’ ‘hy!’ Despising, as ‘pish,’ ‘shy,’ ‘tush!’ Mirth, as ‘ha, ha,’ ‘he!’ Sorrow, as ‘hoi,’ ‘oh!’ Love and Pity, as ‘ah,’ ‘alack,’ ‘alass!’ Hate and Anger, as ‘vauh,’ ‘hau,’ ‘phy,’ ‘foh!’ Exclaiming, as ‘oh,’ ‘soho!’ Silencing, as ‘st,’ ‘hush!’ Attention, as ‘ha!’ Blandishment, as ‘now!’ Threatening, as ‘ve,’ ‘woe.’” There is this set down, also, about adverbs: “We shall then, without troubling the reader with unnecessary divisions, divide them into Adverbs of Time, of Place or Situation, of Order or Rank, of Quantity or Number, of Quality, of Manner, of Affirmation, of Negation or Denying, of Doubting, of Comparison,” these becoming, further, “conjunctural, doubtful, and contingent;” and then the chapter finishes: “N.B. There are abundance of words which are reckon’d for Adverbs, and are not; and there are great numbers of Adjectives that are used adverbially, or as Adverbs. But these, and those that are formed from them ending in ‘ly,’ and several Prepositions that are reckon’d as Adverbs, I have designedly omitted.”

Also, Mr. James Greenwood says many pleasant and suggestive things. He says: “One ought not promiscuously to use every Noun with a great Letter, as is the Fashion of some now adaies.” He says: “Our ancestors misliked nothing more in King Edward the Confessor than that he was Frenchify’d.” He says: “‘Hern,’ ‘ourn,’ ‘yourn,’ ‘hisn,’ for ‘hers,’ ‘ours,’ ‘yours,’ ‘his,’ is bad English.” He says: “‘Yes’ is more usual and modish than ‘yea.’ ‘I’ for ‘yes’ is used in a hasty or merry way, as ‘I sir, I sir,’ and sometimes we use ‘ay,’ but this way of Affirming is rude and ungentile.” He

says: "They say that the Americans bordering on New England . . . cannot pronounce either an 'l' or 'r,' but use 'n' instead of it; so for Lobster they say Nobster." He says, in respect of dialect at home: "Whereas the Inhabitants about London would say, 'I would eat more Cheese if I had it,' a Northern man would speak it, 'Ay sud eat mare Cheese gyn ay had et,' and a Western man, 'Chud eat more Cheese an chad it.'" He says of "q": "It is reckon'd superfluous. Our Learned Critick, Mr. Gataker, omits the 'u' after it, writing instead of 'quis,' 'quid,' 'quam,' etc., 'qis,' 'qid,' 'qam.'" But Bp. Wilkins says the letter involv'd in 'q' is 'oo,' not 'u.'" He says, of "j": "Dr. Wallis says that this sound is compounded of the consonants, 'dy,' as 'dyoy' for 'joy'; but Bishop Wilkins says it is a compounded sound of 'd' and 'zh.' That it has the sound of 'd' is plain, for bid a young child that begins to speak, say 'John,' it will say 'Don;'"—by which same truly philosophic reasoning "c" has the sound of "t," for bid a young child say "come," and it will say "tum;"; and "r" has the sound of "l," for bid a young child say "Rosie," and it will say "Losie;," and so forth. And to end this short look into Our Great-Great-Great-Grandmothers' no-Grammar, Mr. James Greenwood tells us a few things more. He leaves no doubt, for instance, as to what is the purpose of orthography. "It is the art of true writing . . . which teaches us we must write 'bishop,' not 'bushop,' so we must write 'did,' 'foot,' 'might,' 'neither,' 'frumenty,' not 'dud,' 'fut,' 'mought' or 'med,' 'nother,' 'furmity.'" So of orthoepy. "It is the Art of True Speaking . . . so, we must not pronounce 'stomp,' 'shet,' 'sarvice,' 'tunder,' 'gove,' 'eend,' 'ommost;,' but 'stamp,' 'shut,' 'service,' 'tinder,' 'gave,' 'end,' 'almost.'" The origin also of

When a twister, a-twisting, will twist him a twist,
For the twisting of his twist, he three twines doth intwist,

is well given. It was from the pen of Dr. Wallis; urged to do it by "a certain French gentleman praising the happiness of his native language, which had words which imply'd a likeness to the thing signified." The certain French gentleman "propos'd"

Quand au cordier, cordant, veut corder une corde,

to Dr. Wallis, "at the same time finding fault with the English tongue as not being

able to do the like," and Dr. Wallis produced twelve lines for the Frenchman's four, thereby showing, triumphantly, "the beauty of our language, and . . . the peculiar force or expressiveness of a great many single words." Thanks are given, therefore, to Mr. James Greenwood, copiously. When he says he writes especially for those persons who talk for the most part just as they heard their parents, nurses, or teachers talk (who likewise may happen to be none of the best speakers), when he says (quoting a letter he had had published in *The Tatler*): "By the improvement of the Female Sex you will add to the Happiness, Pleasure, and Advantage of the Male," that he had "often with concern reflected on the Negligence, not to say Ingratitude of our sex, so generally careless in Cultivating and Adorning the Minds of those Beautiful Bodies that are the Delight and Ornament of Mankind," and that, with the fair sex well in mind, he had "endeavour'd to render every Thing easy and familiar to them, by explaining every Word that might hinder their learning these Matters with Pleasure," he says it all with so much gallantry as well as good intention that no other attitude but that of gratitude is possible. And this grammar of his, as well as all the other grammars at which we have glanced, will be henceforth kept in pleasing memory.

JACK DOYLE'S DAUGHTER.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON.

PART IV. PHÆBE'S FORTUNE. CHAPTER THE LAST. A GALLOP HOME. I.

IMAGINE a man who, having reached the end of a solitary career with nothing to show for it but money, has found out, in middle age, that it is not quite too late to make up in some measure for a youth wasted and a manhood thrown away. Then, when it is quite too late for anything but such a hope as this, imagine him, at once and at one blow, deprived of the wealth for which he had slaved, and of the one good thing that his wealth had been able to buy him, so that his life of loneliness had left him poorer than at the beginning, and with no sort of belief save that he had allowed himself to be tricked by a dream. He who can imagine this, sees Jack Doyle.

But even such a picture as this, black enough though it is, does not represent

the whole. He, the least likely of all the six, was the only man among them all who had made his duty to Phoebe a point of honour. For her sake, baby as she then was, he had transformed himself from a gold-waster into a gold-grubber, until not his mere habits but his very nature had changed. How much this had been the case he learned when he came home, a homeless man, with his fortune made, but with no creature, not even himself, upon whom he could contrive to spend the tithe. Then he had found her under conditions that filled him with a sort of craving pity—of pity for her, of craving for the shadow of home-love that he could, in her person, buy with his gold. He had learned to think for her and to plan for her, and to spend for her, and to look for her presence in his life until he had learned to love his duty—nay, even to love the girl deeply enough to dream of being her father no more. And then, as soon as his wealth took wings, she also had vanished, betraying his whole life for the sake of a Stanislas Adrianski. She had even meanly betrayed it, by means of lies and stratagems worthy alone of the vilest of stage heroines. For neither fiction nor plays retained illusions for Jack Doyle, who had tried his hand at producing them.

Yet it was himself that he blamed rather than her. What else could be expected of a girl so brought up—what right had he, at his time of life, to complain of one who owed him nothing, not even filial obedience, not even gratitude for a fatherly care that had shown itself in nothing more profitable than the despatch of a few pounds four times a year? But self-blame is the least comforting of all. With nothing left to live for, old habits returned again, and he gave up the life that had begun the game by giving up him. Not step by step, but by a deliberate downward plunge, he became Jack Doyle, the archdeacon, once more.

So nearly, at least, as a man of more than middle age, who has become saturated with solitude and sobriety, can return to the ghosts whom he knew when he was young. He could toss all he had to his creditors; he could go and live in an attic; he could keep his fellow-creatures at arm's length; he could easily recur to an indifference concerning sleep, food, and fresh air. He could even resume his pen. But he could not recover the savage strength which had made all these easy, nor could he all at once recover the hunger for the false

strength which can aid nature for a little while. Many a man who has left Bohemia behind him is followed by a hunger for its delights; but he who returns has never been known to find a trace of them. An old Bohemian sees the land without its glamour, and makes no new friends. He can make himself a butt or a bore—unless he have the wisdom to creep into a corner and die alone.

Jack Doyle wrote for his bread, and obtained it—or at least the crust of it—now and then. At last there fell upon him, not the temptation, but the determination to drink the hopelessness out of him, but the temptation to resist his own will proved the stronger, and he threw the last promise of comfort away. Of course he was weak, but I do not know that he had ever shown himself particularly strong, since the days of Stella. He had plenty of muscle, and had been true to a bargain, and he had a contempt for dreams and for waking weaknesses even more. Nevertheless, with more than all this, it is hard, when old age is creeping into sight, to begin to be heroically strong.

"Especially when a man lives on carbonic acid and nothing beside," said Ronaine to Philip, who had not even yet set sail. "And that's what happens when you shut yourself up, day and night, in the same four walls. If ye don't take care, that's what'll happen to you—I mean if ye're not more careful to stay at home. Ye mayn't meet anybody to-day, nor to-morrow, nor the next day, but ye're sure to at last, with the way ye go about now."

"I shall soon be gone. But I wish you'd tell me one thing, Ronaine. Why do you persist in standing by a thief as if he were an honest man?"

"Faith then, I suppose it's because I've got nothing to lose. But I don't call ye names, my boy, because ye've got once into trouble. May be I'd have got into the same myself, for I'm not the man to be better than you. And if I did, and ye didn't stand by me through thick and thin, I'd knock ye down. But does she know of your trouble—that little girl?"

"You're a good fellow, Ronaine. No, I can't go off and let you think me a thief, though all the rest of the world may, and welcome, they're nothing to me. Will you believe me when I tell you that when I accused myself of theft I lied, and not ask me why?"

"Believe it? I'd believe ye if ye told me that I'm a fool—I should say a wise

man—but it's all the same, and ye know what I mean. And thank ye, Phil, though I'm sorry; there's not half the fun in standing by a man that isn't down."

"But I am down as much as you please. How is your patient at Mrs. Hughes'?"

"What, Jack Doyle? Thanks to me and Miss Phoebe, he'll pull round this time. But what the devil do ye mean by asking me? Hasn't she a tongue?"

Doyle!

Phoebe had denied, and with the fullest air of truth, all knowledge of the man, even his name, about which it seemed to strike nobody to enquire. It might be but a coincidence after all. Doyle is not a strikingly uncommon name. Yet her interest in him had seemed strangely keen and strong. Could it be the man who held the key to the whole mystery, who was lying ill at the house where Phoebe appeared to be living alone?

He had not ventured to see Phoebe since their unlooked-for meeting, when Ronaine's open speaking told her what Phil had meant to bury in his own heart for ever, and most of all from her whom it concerned. Now, however, he must see her again, for, if he had been his own confessor, he would have known that he had been hanging needlessly about London, and running within an ace of losing his passage-money, simply because he could not bear to leave behind him a doubt concerning his first love that could be solved. Silence may be indeed golden, but it is sadly apt to be base gold.

So, arming himself with a triple armour of stern reserve, that his coming interview with Phoebe might be colder and more distinctly final than if Ronaine to base gold had not preferred sterling silver, Philip bent his steps to the house of Mrs. Hughes once more. And scarce had he entered the Strand when Ronaine's warning about the certainty of finding an acquaintance in the streets, if one fails to keep out of them, proved a prophecy.

"Mr. Nelson!" exclaimed a familiar voice, "I have been searching for news of you all over the world, and the first moment you have been out of my mind, I tumble over you," and Ralph Bassett held out his hand.

"Mr. Bassett!"

"Yes. I suppose you remember that you are in no danger from me. Nor do I believe that any human being, unless it be Mrs. Urquhart, thinks you worse than a

lunatic at large. But it's not about that I—my father and I—are searching for you high and low. Don't you know why?"

"I cannot imagine. But indeed, Mr. Bassett, you can have no need of me. I have cut myself adrift from my own people——"

"That," said Ralph, with the most thorough failure to speak lightly; "that you cannot do. Then you do not know? Has not your father——"

"I have not seen my father since I escaped from Cautleigh Hall, except once, when we parted, never, I suppose, to meet again. I know nothing of what you mean."

"You do not know that you are my cousin—you have never known?"

"I suppose I ought to feel surprised," said Phil bitterly; "but—well, if I am to have another kinsman, I am glad he is an honest man."

"On my honour, Philip Bassett, a saint would knock you down. You do not know that your own father is at this moment claiming to be Sir Rayner Bassett, of Cautleigh Hall?"

"Good Heaven! Mr. Bassett, is this true?"

"Most decidedly true!"

"What can I say? It is impossible! My father—I must see him. This must not go on."

"Why not?"

"Don't ask me. My father—gets strange ideas." Which meant, "My father is a liar and a knave—a possible receiver of stolen goods; a very probable misuser of evidence that might enable him to prove a false identity."

"Of course it's a strange idea. But our lawyers, I believe—certainly my father and I—have gone through the whole matter; we have seen your father and his advisers, and I'm afraid—no, I won't say afraid—that the idea is not only strange, but true. Go into it for yourself and see. . . . Now I can't pretend that this is not a tremendous knock-down blow to my father and me. That you, of course, understand. But we're not the people who don't get up again. We shall propose a friendly arrangement, by which my father shall not be called upon to account for mesne profits, and shall not be left without an income, we to give up possession without trouble or expense to you. I'm all right; I've got a profession, and I'll take off my coat, roll up my sleeves, and show Urquhart that if the tortoise beat the hare once he'll never do it again. And all that comes to this:

it's not your fault that you're your father's son, and must have what I thought was mine. We're cousins, and we must be friends. I gave you my hand once—give me yours now."

"If this be true—— Mr. Bassett, I just now told a man that he was the best fellow on earth because, believing me a thief, he stood by me all the same. And he is the best, bar one—the man who not only stood by me, but believed in me. I don't know why my father should be Sir Rayner Bassett; I know nothing; I understand nothing; perhaps I am in a dream, but I understand this—that I should be worse than a thief if I injured you!"

"Heroical balderdash! What injury is there to me in your taking your own? Besides, that is your father's—my uncle Rayner's—affair, not yours."

"It's my affair. My father will act for himself. You will tell me presently what this means. But my father will not live for ever—nor yours. I suppose nobody cares about being a 'Sir,' or any such nonsense; and for the rest, I shall be able to do what I like with my own. . . . But tell me the story first, and then I shall know where I am."

Philip Nelson—or rather, Philip Bassett—did indeed feel like a man in a dream. That story contradicted nothing that he knew of his father—which was originally next to nothing—and being so frankly admitted by the supposed heir, must needs be true. Being true, it was the heaviest burden, but one, that he had ever had to bear. And if any wiseacre asserts that no man in his senses could possibly object with all his heart and soul to the rightful acquisition of a baronetcy, accompanied with many thousands a year, then I tell that wiseacre that he stands self-convicted of the most consummate ignorance of the world—of being a poor simple creature who knows the ins and outs of his own brainpan, and nothing more.

Ralph, though not too worldly-wise, was not such an ignoramus as that, and he could almost understand his cousin's temptation; but it was no occasion for a battle of wills as to which should compel the other to win.

"Won't you come and see my father?" said he.

"I—the thief who robbed his guests of their jewellery? I'm afraid I haven't impudence enough for that."

"Oh, hang the jewels! But—well, I

suppose you can't very well meet my father as a cousin till that outrageous affair is explained. Of course I know perfectly well that whatever you did was to screen a woman, who, I suppose, was Miss Doyle, though why you should want to get her out of a mess, or how you came to know she was in one, or what sort of mess it could be, goes beyond my powers of guessing."

"Only one thing I want to ask of any man—to let things alone. I shall not see your father, either now or ever. When I have seen my own I am going abroad."

"You are a desperately uncomfortable sort of a cousin; but I suppose you have no objection to our meeting again?"

"If you care to call on me. Indeed, I am not such an ill-conditioned ruffian as I'm afraid I must seem to you. But I want time to think—to turn round. Yes—I must see you once more. This is where you will find me, any time before Thursday. After Thursday I shall be gone."

Stranger things have happened than that a man should unexpectedly find himself heir to a fortune and title, with which he had never imagined himself to have the most distant connection. But that he would never call himself Sir Philip Bassett, or live at Cautleigh, or deprive the actual Bassetts of a penny, he was resolved. In time the estates would come to him, and with them the power of will-making and of disappearing in such wise that all concerned would think him dead with more certainty than had been the case with Uncle Rayner. Nor was it wholly a passionate gratitude towards his cousin Ralph that induced so unromantic a person to imagine a romance for himself, thorough-going enough to have satisfied Phoebe herself in her wildest hours. What use would title and fortune be to him, a confessed thief, who would never marry? Better to work for his bread in his own calling than drag out a disgraced and meaningless existence at Cautleigh Hall. Cautleigh was Ralph's by higher rights than those of accident of birth—by the rights of fitness, and even of a natural justice above the very wisest of human laws.

So he looked forward to as painful an interview with his father as could take place between father and son—an interview in which he would have to oppose the interests of his father, of himself, and to some extent of his brothers, in such wise that he would seem to be opposing them unjustly. But first he had to get his last

interview with Phoebe well over before he could give his whole attention to more serious affairs.

He found her, as he expected, at home. She should, he thought, have been surprised at his reappearance; he could not tell that his appearance anywhere was the last thing that could ever give her surprise. And it was he who was by far the more constrained and confused. A change appeared to have come over her since their last meeting, though its nature was not to be read—at least, with blind eyes.

"I suppose," said he, "you did not expect to see me again. I should not have come only to repeat a good-bye; but I have one more question—I hope you will think it a strange one. What is the name of the man to whom you called Ronaine?"

"Perhaps—I suppose—Mrs. Hughes knows."

"Then you do not know? He is a stranger to you?"

"And a neighbour," quoting from her latest reading. "I never thought of his having a name."

"I asked you because—because I have heard his name is Doyle."

"Doyle! But no—it can't be the same. The Doyle I know doesn't starve. He is a very rich man."

"Phoebe, you make me believe you. I will see the man before I go. Rich men do starve sometimes; but you could not speak like that and look like that if you were still afraid of my knowing all that you know. Yes, I believe you meant what you said, with all your heart, when you begged me not to betray you to Doyle. What are your plans?"

"Oh, I shall find a way to earn my bread; I have only myself to keep, you see; and I don't want much, except more knowledge of what things mean. I have learned so much that I want to know more."

"You are alone—quite alone?"

"Quite alone. But never mind—alone is the best thing anybody can be."

"Perhaps—well, I suppose so."

Neither this, nor anything else, was what he meant to say. His heart was in a ferment of conflicting feelings. So long as she was pure—and he could no longer doubt that—what did Phoebe's past matter to him? By one road or another, both had reached the self-same place; their paths had met in a desert. Why should two lonely travellers part again? In as many

guises and disguises as there are mortals can love come—in as many as are the passions that can put on love's disguise.

"Phoebe, it is not good for you to be alone. Come with me," said he.

It was no mere love-making, as Phoebe well knew. If Phil still mistook love for duty, she no longer mistook love for fear. Why, if in her utmost panic, when flying from herself and from all who knew her, Philip had laid his hand upon her and said "Come," she would have come, though in the manner of one compelled by an over-mastering spell. But a whole volume of life had been thrown open at once by those unthinking words of Ronaine. She had been loved truly, after all—the leaden binding had concealed the golden lines. The story of the past would keep; they knew one another now. And this was how Philip Nelson said good-bye, with his eyes looking down into those of the girl who, with a thankful heart, gave herself back into a master's hands, to wander and to dream no more. For reality had come, and the old bay-tree in the back-garden shed its last leaf and died.

II.

"Some gentlemen to see you, miss," exclaimed Mrs. Hughes, all in a flurry, for Miss Vernon's visitors might have been angels, so few they were.

Yesterday Phoebe would have glanced at the window and wondered whether the supreme need for flight makes wings grow. To-day she had no fear. Phil, on leaving her before meeting her again for ever, had carried out his intention of making the acquaintance of the convalescent upstairs. But had he been a hundred leagues away, instead of under the same roof, she was no longer either alone nor in a dream of her own creating. So she did not even ask for her callers' cards. She did not even start when she recognised in Sir Charles Bassett her ex-gaoler of Cautleigh Hall—not even when she saw that he was accompanied by her ex-father, the admiral. She had no means of knowing how singular such companionship would look in other eyes.

"Why, bless my soul, it's Phoebe!" cried Sir Rayner, standing stock still just within the door, open-mouthed. Phoebe rose, and thought of sending upstairs for Phil.

"I am delighted, Miss Doyle," said Sir Charles, holding out his hand, "to have found you at home. You are living inde-

pendently, I hear. But I'm afraid I mustn't pretend to have sought you out simply for the sake of giving myself the pleasure of a call. In fact, it is on business—business in which Mr. Nelson——”

“Sir Rayner——” began the admiral; but the least objectionable side of him appeared to be uppermost in him at present, namely, the fool's side.

“At any rate this gentleman is deeply concerned as well as I. There is a certain question that you can answer, and none but you; and, as it is a matter for a family conclave, I took the liberty of making an appointment with Mr.—this gentleman—at your lodgings; you will certainly pardon me, when you know the reason. If you only knew the pains I have been at to find you. But to my story, which begins with a black bag lost by Mrs. Hassock on a railway journey. She fancied that you had it and refused to return it. Of course it went to the lost luggage office at the terminus, whence I recovered it yesterday. I have examined the contents, and I now place them in your hands. They are yours.”

Phoebe stared at the packet of documents, at last surprised. “Mine! I never saw them in my life before.”

“I must no longer call you Miss Doyle, or even Miss Burden,” said Sir Charles.

“When Mr.—this gentleman has perused these letters, bringing his legal knowledge to bear fully upon them, he will perceive that you are Miss Alice Bassett, of Cautleigh Hall.”

She took no heed of the addition of Alice to her array of christian-names now nearly as long as a Spanish Infanta's. The moment she had been dreaming of all her days was come; she was declared a romantically lost and recovered heiress, of lofty lineage, and large fortune. Not often is such a dream as that so literally fulfilled. Yet it was the fulfilment that felt like the dream. “I—I don't know what this means,” she faltered. “I—I must ask Phil. He will understand.”

“Phil?” asked Sir Charles.

“Philip Nelson,” said she. “He is here.”

Uncle Rayner recovering his wits, took the papers from her hands without her noticing that they were gone, and began to examine them—first upside down, and then in the ordinary way.

“Philip Nelson!” Sir Charles exclaimed.

“What have you to do with him?”

“I—I am to be his wife,” said Phoebe.

It was something to have at least one thing real to hold by in the whirl.

Uncle Rayner opened both his mouth and his eyes.

“You—you are going to marry Phil?” he cried, with an abstract of the contents of the bag, prepared by Sir Charles, only too well fixed in his mind. I do not think him capable of murder; but still Phoebe was the safer for Uncle Rayner's ignorance that the girl whom he had brought up was a viper, who would some day turn round and sting him out of his claims. And why, why since she was to be Phil's wife, had not the marriage been got over before the heiress knew of her rights and could keep them in her own hands? The old gentleman's hopes were fading one by one. Yet there might be comfort still; he was still the baronet, and would be at least the honoured grandfather of the future owners of Cautleigh Hall.

“No,” said Sir Charles, “I am Miss Bassett's natural protector. And she is probably not aware of the true character of him and of you. . . . Not for one moment will Miss Bassett of Cautleigh Hall dream of marrying with your branch of the family, that you must clearly perceive.” In his zeal for Ralph, Sir Charles had forgotten to speak with his usual care. But this new notion, which had taken him aback, would be absolute ruin, and must be crushed in the beginning. “Cousin Alice,” said he, “this Philip, who it seems I have to call cousin too, is missing, and cannot be found, though it seems he has been in communication with you. Has he told you why he has never been near his employers since he was at Cautleigh Hall?”

“He is going abroad.”

“Has he told you why he is going abroad?”

“No. He knows.”

“I am sorry to scatter a girl's fancy,” said Sir Charles. “But the sharper the touch, the sooner over. Mr. Nelson, at least, will not be surprised to hear that his son has confessed to the theft of the jewels lost at Cautleigh Hall—which were not yours alone—and that that is why he hides and flies. Yes, Mr. Nelson—or Mr. Bassett, if you please—not only does your claim fail but your son dares not attempt to patch up matters by a marriage with the heiress. Your son shall not be followed; but my cousin will come with me to her home.”

“A thief! Philip a thief!” cried Phoebe. “I know nothing else—I want

to know nothing ; but if he is a thief, then thieves are better than honest men, and I will not give up a thief for all the money in the world. Ah, I see it all now ! He thought me a thief—or worse—and— But you would not understand. If he loses his rights because of me, I will lose them too. I don't care who keeps Cautleigh Hall. But I do care for—for being true to one who has nothing left but—me. No ; I will not go to any more of my homes. I am going with him."

So the plays and the novels had not been such liars after all. The wise men about her were bewildered with an outburst that at last had brought real and romantic love into one.

But there were others who had heard it than these two, and Philip, entering at the moment, went to her and took her hand. "That is right, Phœbe !" said he. "Let my father be the last baronet, if he will. You shall do what you like with your own, and what you like to do will be to settle upon my father what I think fair, and to leave the Hall, and Cautleigh, and its income, in the hands of the father of Ralph Bassett, my cousin and friend. Mr. Doyle, here is the girl whom I made Ronaine allow you to come down all those stairs to see. All will soon be explained now, but I don't think that Mr. Doyle, and you, Phœbe, need wait for everything to be explained."

"Phœbe," said Doyle, "for Phœbe you must always be to me, I have been an unfortunate old fool. Mr. Nelson and I have, between us, managed to make out most things. And I throw myself on your charity. You must find room in your ship for me, and in your home for a few years. My earning days are not gone."

"In our ship and our home ? Phœbe, you will find room in your heart for one—the only one—who, when even I left you, and when none had ever helped you, did his best to be your father indeed."

"I shall know all in time," said Phœbe, searching for a clue. But she found it. "Since you tell me it will be shown to be all right, Phil, I won't wait—I will be Jack Doyle's Daughter now !"

"And Ulick Ronaine's," said the doctor, "and his heiress, for after all there's not one of your fathers that's done for you as much as I."

And that was true. By Ronaine's hands Phœbe's fortune had been made.

Need I explain everything all over again ? That Rayner Bassett, otherwise the admiral, became reconciled with the Robespierres, by whom he was known as "the bart." to his death, is recorded in the secret register of the society. That the owners of Cautleigh Hall need remain long without a newly created baronetcy not to be publicly distinguished from the old, stands to reason. That Philip Bassett and Phœbe Alice Marion Eve Psyche Zenobia Dulcibella Jane, his wife, long ago reached fame and fortune, and that she has always contrived to make romance and reality harmonise with the utmost ease, is known to many ; but that Jack Doyle found in them not only a daughter but a son into the bargain is wholly known to him alone—just as to Ronaine alone is known how he still exists, not unhappily, without patients, and without having yet made the fortune that he has left to Phœbe, or rather Zenobia Bassett by his will. I think, for my part, that all has ended well ; I know that Jack Doyle's Daughter thinks so too.

This story contains many morals. But all are too obvious to need pointing, save one.

One autumn, Philip and Phœbe were upon the Continent, when the chances of travel brought them to a very humble country inn. They were waited upon by the landlady, who was garrulous about her history—how her husband, originally a tailor, had been no fewer than seventeen times unjustly convicted upon charges of petty swindling, in spite of his perfect innocence, and had died in gaol ; how her son, though a universal genius, had been kept down by a vast conspiracy of rivals until he had been driven to help his mother in the housework and the kitchen until he could blaze out again. "He is an adorable son," said she, "and, when he is in trouble and wants a mother's help, never fails to come home. With all his superb genius—ah, there. He brings in the omelette of monsieur and madame even now."

It was Stanislas Adrianski. And so ended, and so ends, the romance of Jack Doyle's Daughter for ever and a day.

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